

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Vibes and Stuff"

*[Q-Tip:]*

Let me flaunt the style (style), I think that the time's near  
That we drop studs (studs), there will be no duds here  
Rappers play the dumb (dumb), kinda on the space tip  
But when they hear the jams (jams), they be on the dilsnick  
Now I'm not for the rock (rock), I know the territory  
Go ahead and try (try), that's a different story  
Similar to Grimm (Grimm), I could tell a better one  
All about a kid (kid), who couldn't rap and didn't run  
Stand (stand) aside (aside), when the rap is gettin dumb  
Resort to baggin Billy (Billy), askin can he have some  
No, never ever (ever) come back and try again man  
If you come back (back), I'll be the first to shake your hand  
Competitions good (good), it brings out the vital parts  
The Abstract Poetic ('etic), majors in recital arts  
Do it for the kids (kids), the elders and the rap peers  
We know the job is done (done), when we hear a lot of cheers  
Gotta feel the vibes (vibes), come from my creation  
If the hands clap (clap) are filled with elation  
Here I am ghetto, full with a lot of steam  
Think I gotta, I think I gotta, I think I gotta scream (scream)  
Cause that's how good it feels child  
Let your hair down (down), so we can get buckwild  
Do your I'll dance (dance), don't think about the next man  
We must have unity and think of the bigger plan  
The vision, we fall (fall) we must stick together, see  
I'd like to take this time (time) to say what's up to Kool G  
The name is Q-Tip (Tip), The Midnight Marauder  
Give enough respect ('spect) to Afrika Bambaataa  
As a man in the world (world), I must do my job  
Take care of Mama Duke (Duke), I won't resort to rob  
Bob you'll get your dough (dough), Mase is my witness  
Obsessed with the rap (rap), for it's the mental fitness  
Like shootin cee-lo (lo), and always gettin headcracks  
The industry is luck (luck), winning with the fake raps  
Peace to the crews (crews), who pump the real hip hop  
Not sellin out (out) from hardrock to disc jock...  
(From disc jock to hardrock, from hardrock to disc jock)

*[Phife:]*

I don't know what to say, but here I go freak it  
If the papes come, then you know I'll seek it  
I'm just a short brotha, dark skin face  
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waist  
My hair is crazy curly  
Front like Mr. Furley  
To this day, I still believe that no MC can serve me

Brothas try to front, but everybody know (know)  
I get more props than the Arsenio Hall Show  
Party animal I was, but now I chill at home  
All I do is write rhymes, eat, drink, shit and bone  
Found my thrill in Amityville, I'm always in the Island  
Fudge and Monkey know the time, they know who keeps 'em smilin  
Go out on my own, somethin that I gotta do  
Do what the hell I want and have no one to listen to  
I'm prompt with my business and I do things on the double  
Yo, I'm out like Buster Douglass, I say peace to MC Trouble  
Rest in Peace

*[Q-Tip:]*

Word Up, rest in Peace, and you know what else?  
We got, we got, we got the vibe (vibe)  
All the people in Long Island, we got the vibe (vibe)  
Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibe (vibe)  
Uptown and New York, we got the vibe (vibe)  
People upstate, we got the vibe (vibe)  
If you're in DC, you got the vibe (vibe)  
Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibe (vibe)  
Out West, we got the vibe (vibe)  
In the Bahamas, we got the vibe (vibe)  
Over in Europe, you know what? We got the vibe  
And we gotta keep it alive, it goes on...

Of rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of subs  
Goods with the girls, I got a whole lot of 'em  
From fat to skinny, Freeda to Winnie (Winnie)  
Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy (Wendy)  
Cause I be more friendly (friendly), never on the snotty side  
I don't brag to brothas about the little papas I got (got)  
My vocal styles can vary, the sight is never scary (scary)  
It's only legendary ('dary), my father well prepared me ('pared me)  
My job ain't temporary, I'm here for the long shot  
Better yet, the long term, I don't have a perm (perm)  
In a way I do, call 'em the perma-naps  
I'm crazy slap-happy and I'm scrappy when I'm nappy  
When I get the mic in my hand and the crowd in stands (stands)  
It's as good as grand like that (that)

I wanna say peace and dedicate this joint to MC Trouble and to  
Um... Trouble T-Roy  
And to um... Scott La Rock and to um... Cowboy, you know what I'm sayin?  
This is for the slain rappers and the fallen rappers  
You know what I'm sayin (sayin)?  
This is a special, special, special, special, special dedication  
And also to my pops and also to Vinny, his moms (moms)  
You know what I'm sayin?  
You just gotta keep it happy and keep the vibes going  
And this is Vibes and Stuff  
And we out...

